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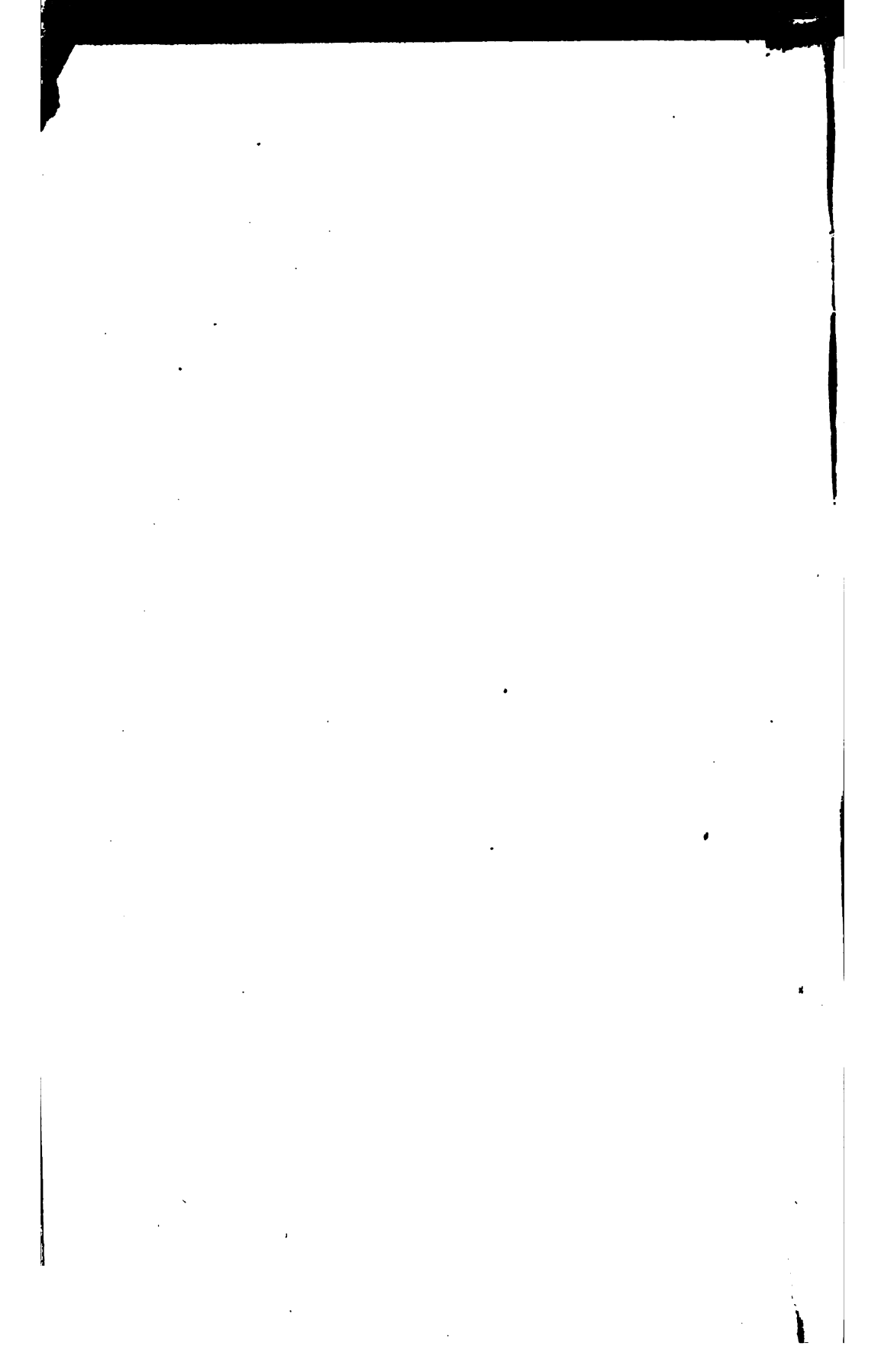


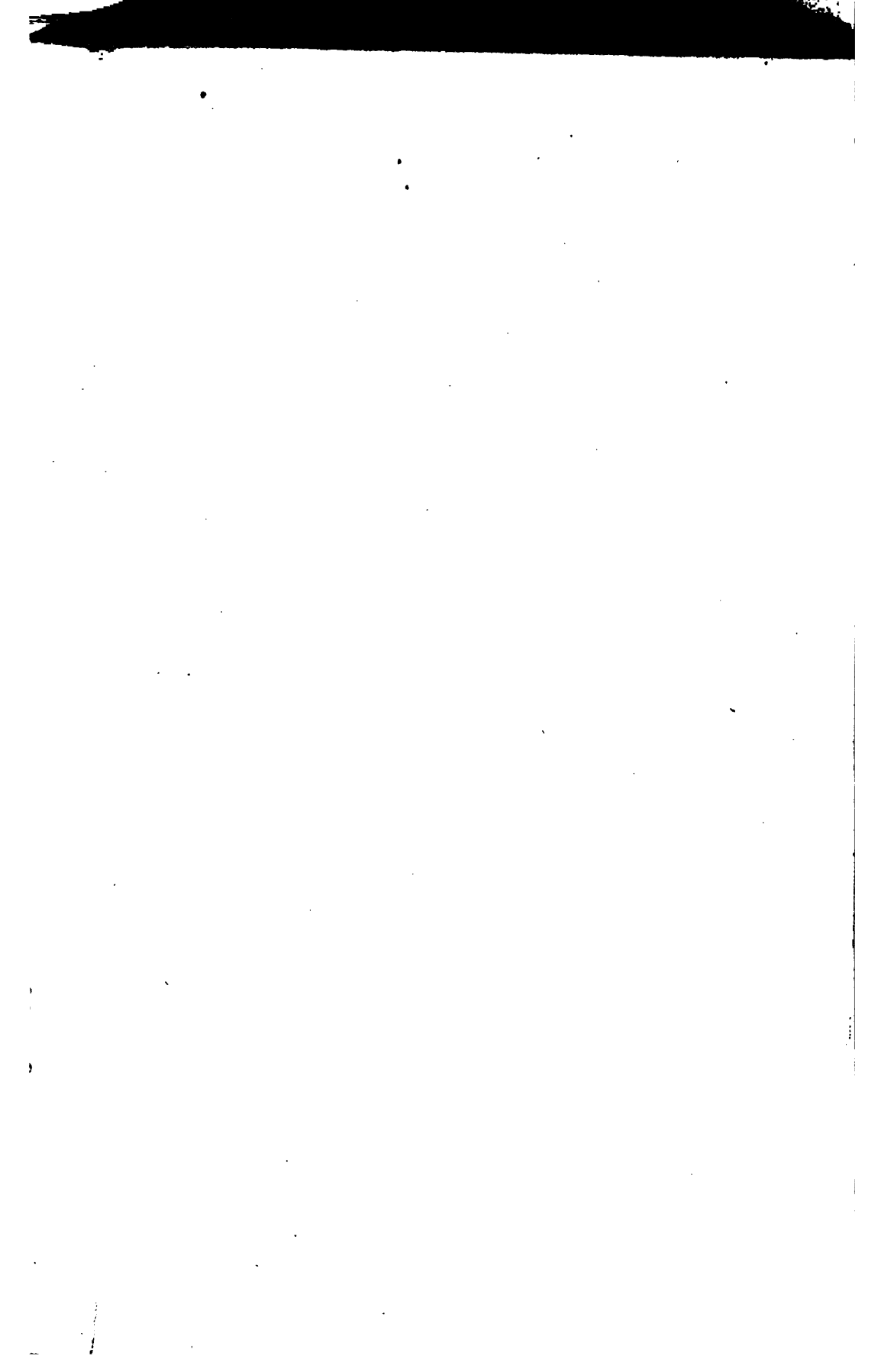
Brown University

'72.

ORATION AND POEM.









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BROWN UNIVERSITY,
CLASS OF '72.

Oration and Poem,

DELIVERED IN

MANNING HALL,

ON

CLASS DAY, JUNE 21, 1872.

PRINTED BY REQUEST OF THE CLASS.

PROVIDENCE:
PRINTED BY THE PROVIDENCE PRESS COMPANY.
1872.



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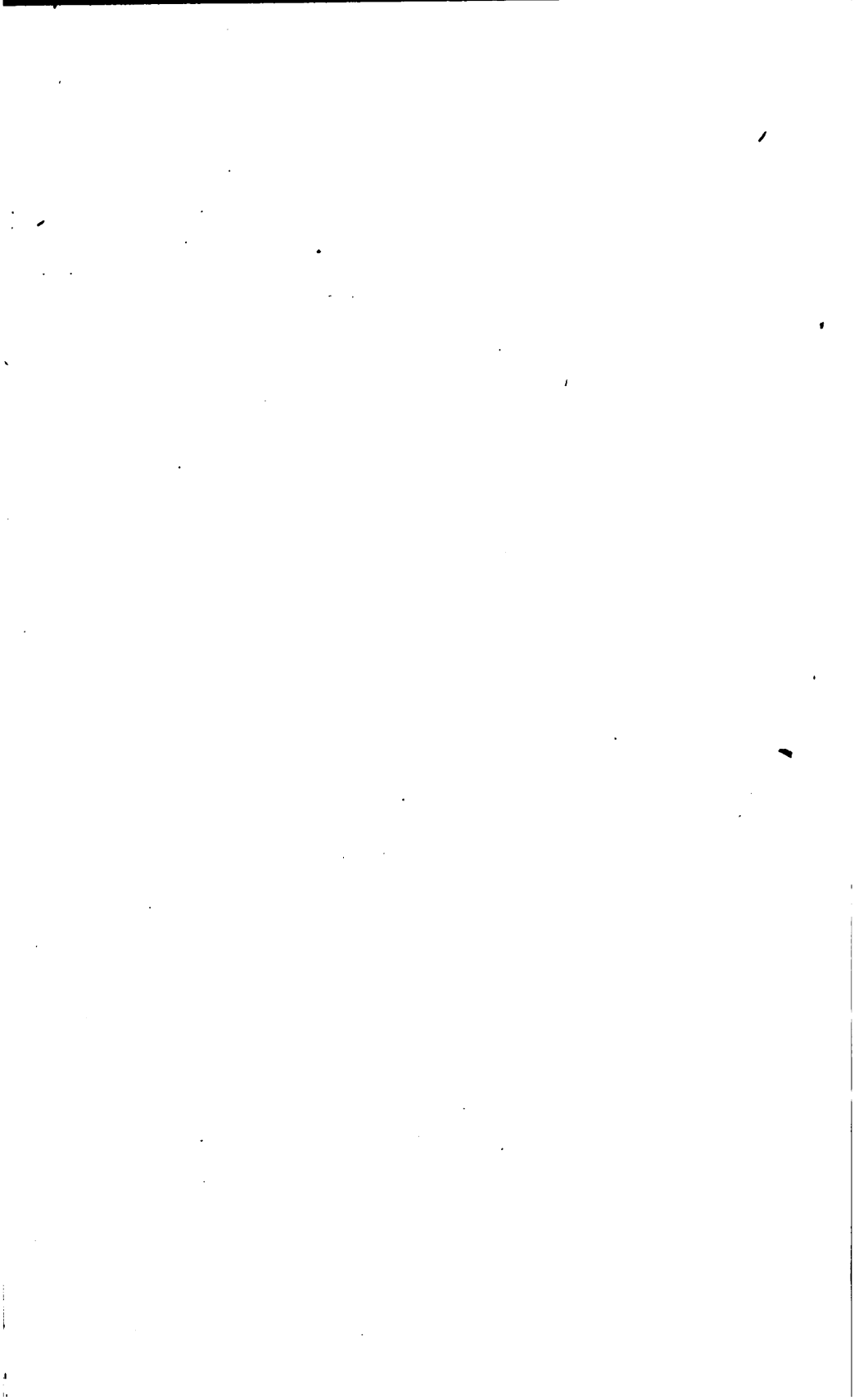
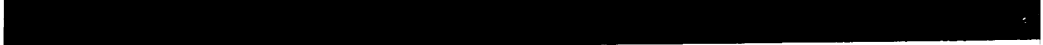
AT a meeting of the SENIOR CLASS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY, held in the Committee Room of the First Baptist Meeting-House, it was unanimously

VOTED. That the President of the Class appoint a Committee to solicit of the Orator and Poet of Class Day their productions, and make all necessary arrangements for the publication of the same.

E. B. HAMLIN, }
F. B. GREENE. } Committee.

—
"What we know about Class printing."

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THE UNITY OF HUMANITY, THE FOUNDATION PRIN-
CIPLE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

An Oration :

BY ANDREW J. JENNINGS,

OF FALL RIVER, MASS.



GAY LAMOUNT

The Unity of Humanity, the Foundation Principle of Modern Civilization.

IVILIZATION is a fact. It is the result of human action as a whole. It is based on certain principles, and these principles determine its character. The civilization of a nation, country or age is embodied in public institutions and polity, and in the moral and intellectual ideas promulgated by individuals. As society to-day is the expression of a distinct civilization, and as many of you are about to assume an active part as members of society, we have thought it appropriate to call your attention to the fundamental principle of modern civilization.

We say modern civilization, because at different periods of the world's history several distinct forms of civilization have appeared. Among the Hebrews the pure theocracy prevailed, constituting the people a religious body. The State was only an appendage to the Church, and political development an almost unheard of phenomenon. Among the Egyptians, Hindoos, and several other Eastern nations, existed a semi-theocratic civilization, marked by the tyranny of religious caste, which enervated the people, checked progress, and gave to Eastern civilization its characteristic features of torpidity and immobility. In Greek civilization the social principle was the controlling idea. It gave to Greek art and literature the unity and perfection which so powerfully influenced subsequent generations, though it

was unable to perpetuate itself in the progress of the race. Roman civilization, reversing the Hebrew civilization, elevated the political but crushed the religious element of human nature. Here was development of society, but not of individuals. The citizens had no idea, no will, no religion, but that of the State.

From this last civilization, modified and strengthened by the infusion of the Germanic spirit of individualism, and governed and directed by Christianity, sprang European or modern civilization,—a civilization born amid the struggles of principles of every kind, monarchical, aristocratic, democratic and religious. These principles, however, are secondary. They have been controlled and directed by a great primary principle, which forms the foundation granite upon which modern society has been built. This principle or truth is the unity of humanity; a truth which has been the plane in which all secondary principles have acted upon mankind like converging forces, giving as a resultant, progress in its direction. It is therefore this truth of the Unity of Humanity which we wish to consider to-day. We shall endeavor to trace its origin, seek out the causes of its development, illustrate its advance through the centuries, consider it in its present stage of progress, and discern in the light of its teachings our duty as men.

The conception of the Unity of Humanity is of comparatively modern origin. Antiquity failed to grasp it. True, the Roman Legislators did, to some extent, recognize the rights of men as men, in their Prætorian edicts and *Lex Naturæ*, but still to them a man in the honest sense of the word, a *vir*, was ever a Roman. Within the enchanted circle of Roman citizenship, all men were equally great, and all possessed the same glorious privileges; without this circle all were barbarians without immunities, and with but few rights. The general law of antiquity seems to have been personality and selfishness. Every man's hand was against his neighbor. States built up their power upon the ruin of rival States and the slavery of their people. But with Christianity

ORATION.

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began a new order. Its truths were not to the Jewish Pharisee alone, not to the Greek philosopher, not to the Roman patrician, but to man, man as a unit. It was to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, prince and peasant, civilized and savage. For the first time the world heard the equality and mutual obligation of all men proclaimed by the voice of God himself.

But this idea, so opposed to the tendencies of the times, was slowly received and imperfectly realized. As a theory, a conception, it received its fullest development in the Middle Ages, that period of chaos from whose warring elements all the great principles of modern liberties and modern progress have issued. The scholastic philosophers, refusing the blind leadership of dogma in their study of the Scriptures, and approaching them under the guidance of reason, sought to probe to the very bottom their grandest and most subtle truth. Rejecting the world of appearances, they sought to build up a real world; a world of spiritual essence. From their conception of the unity of the Divine essence, they argued to the unity of the essence of Humanity. Mankind, they held, was a perfect whole of which each individual soul formed a part. They regarded Humanity as expressing a two-fold aspect, spiritual and secular. From this idea thus developed, arose the two great theories of the Middle Ages, one, of a universal Church, visibly representing the spiritual part of Humanity; the other, of a universal Empire, the visible expression of the secular part of humanity. At the head of these was a Pope and Emperor in whom Humanity was embodied and brought nearer to God. Between these two arose a struggle for supremacy, which constitutes the great drama of mediæval history and powerfully determined the course of civilization.

Yet this idea, though it indirectly effected great results, was still an idea, a metaphysical theory arrived at by abstract reasoning concerning the nature of the Divine unity. So long as it remained a theory it produced directly no practical results. Its power was only felt upon the priestly scholars of the age. The plan of making it a fundamental

basis of human action seems never to have been advanced by its most devoted exponents. But could this have been done? Was there not a defect in the theory itself? Its conception of man's unity was one which swallowed up individuality,—it was an intellectual creation. Yet we would not derogate from the realistic idea of a personal and complete Humanity, for it was the germ of civilization's grandest principle, the fountain head whence started the fertilizing streams of historic science. Just as the mythical and fabulous theory of an undiscovered country lying somewhere in the far distant West, furnished to the genius and perseverance of Columbus the basis of his discovery of the New World and the grand results that have flowed therefrom; just as the theory of gravitation, so vaguely and indefinitely defined, furnished the principle from which the genius of Newton deduced a law, which alike governs the flow of the tiny streamlet over its mossy bed and the grand sweep of suns and systems through the realms of space, so this theory of the Unity of Humanity was modified and developed; and as man's knowledge of the relations of individuals and the principles of society became, under the teachings of history, more extended and correct, as his observation and generalization of essentials in external nature and in man himself became, under the guidance of the inductive philosophy, more acute and precise, then it was the mirage of the scholastic unity, so beautiful to the eye of the intellect, yet so unsatisfying to the thirst of the soul, became changed into an oasis of fertile fields and perennial fountains, where the traveler on the desert of speculation might quench his thirst and rest his weary limbs.

It was, we have said, by the teachings of nature and history that this theory was modified and realized. If we turn to the physical world, we find unity stamped upon it in characters too distinct to be mistaken. Whether we survey the graceful lily or the blushing rose, the bounding deer or the tawny lion, the brilliant dolphin or the soaring eagle, we find each embodying a distinct conception. Each species contains under its superficial differences of individuals a unity

in structure, habits, and organs which enables us to recognize it at once. Looking below mere accidents, we recognize the essentials in which the individuals unite and make these unities the basis of language and of all scientific classification.

Mankind presents the same unity of structure. The degraded Australian, the repulsive Hottentot, the savage Indian and the cultivated Caucasian are all marked by the same physical characteristics. All stand erect; have the flexible hand, with its wonderful thumb; the organ of speech, with its thousand varying modulations; the exquisitely constructed eye and ear, immeasurably superior to those found in any department of the animal kingdom. Man's physical unity consists in the fact that all men possess these essential characteristics. Coincident with this physical unity, is a corresponding mental and moral unity. All men possess an immortal soul, endowed with the same mental and moral faculties. History and observation afford us abundant proof of this. Memory, with its recollections, awakens pleasure or pain in the breasts of all; imagination revels in the air-castles of the future; and the taste of each directs the course of the two preceding powers. All have a conscience, which, pointing out the moral qualities of actions, impels them to do the right and refrain from doing the wrong. All are susceptible of joy and sorrow, love and hatred, gratitude and anger, forgiveness and revenge. The systems of moral philosophy, from heathen Confucius to Christian Wayland, have essentially the same fundamental principles as their basis. The same may be said of the great religions. Under the superficial idolatries of half-civilized China and the savage practices of the Cannibal Islanders, as well as under the theological dogmas which half conceal the glorious truths of Christianity, lie many of the same essential principles of religious belief. Says Max Muller, "An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness, a belief in a divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope in a better life, are among some of the radical elements of all religions."

Under the modifying and developing power of these lessons, the great truth of man's physical and spiritual unity has been changed from an imperfect conception to a governing reality ; from a unity of substance to a unity of structure, faculties and sentiments. Creatures of the same Supreme Being, subjects of the same moral law, men see that they are bound together by a chain of brotherhood whose golden links alone can sustain the strain of social existence and social progress. This is the great truth which forms the basis of the civilization of the nineteenth century, the corner stone of all Christian society ; a truth which genius has detected and uncovered as it lay half buried beneath the debris of social evil and human selfishness.

Every century since the Christian era attests its influence and progress. Advanced by the study of the Justinian Code, it burst the bonds of the slaves at Bologna, furnishing to modern times the first great act of emancipation. Through the extension of observation and intercourse caused by the crusades, it transformed the Mahometan from a monster into an equal and fellow being, led Louis VII of France to declare the equal right of all men to their liberty ; caused the Count of Valois to emancipate his serfs in the name of equality and fraternity, and swept away feudalism, which as the embodiment of privilege was its greatest foe. Favored by the reaction against the cruelties and atrocities practiced in the wars of the sixteenth century, it made a great advance, resulting in the rise of international law, a monument of its triumph more sublime and more lasting than any that mark the victories of a Cæsar or a Bonaparte. Like every other great truth, it touched the heart of Shakespeare, calling forth the outburst of Shylock : "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same disease, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh, and if you poison us do we not

die?" Here Shylock spoke not for himself, nor for Jews alone, but for the oppressed and outcast of all mankind. It is the voice of the down-trodden claiming their right to be recognized as men and as equals.

From these times, this truth has swept on with all the power of a great tidal wave; neither ocean nor continent have stayed its course. Our present century is filled with monuments of its triumphs. It has transformed sentiment and feeling. What the past condemned we now praise, and what it counted glory, we denounce as barbarism. Who are the men whose names to-day live enshrined in the minds and hearts of the whole civilized world! Are they the kings and conquerors in whose ladder of fame every round has been fastened with the tears and blood of thousands, the light of whose glory was kindled amid the flames of blazing homes, and whose chorus of triumph was mingled with the discordant thunders and shrieks of the battle field? Or are they the men, who feeling the impressiveness of this great truth of man's brotherhood, who have devoted all their talents and energies to the relief and elevation of the oppressed; whose every step has been taken amid the blessings of the down-trodden of every clime and race? Volumes might be filled with the scenes drawn from the history of the present century, illustrating the power and progress of this truth. It caused Howard, with heart full of love, to overthrow the detestable abuses of prison life, and demand of a startled world, that henceforth criminals be treated as human beings. It led Judson to forsake home and kindred and carry to far distant heathen, the Promethean spark of Christianity, destined to illumine all the jungles and peaks of Asia with its increasing flame. Burke felt its power when amid England's noblest and greatest, though hampered by political power and the influence of wealth, he exerted all the energy of his soul-stirring eloquence in defence of the rights and for the redress of the wrongs of a people whom he never saw, but whose only claim upon him lay in the fact that they were men.

The last decade furnishes two prominent examples of the

stage of development to which the practical application of this truth has attained. Our civil war was a struggle of principles. The truth of the unity of Humanity and the fact of Slavery stood opposed. The contest that followed was terrible. But the truth triumphed; and as four million freedmen, their fetters melted in the hot flames of civil strife, stood erect in all the joy of recreated manhood, and poured out their hallelujahs of praise and thanksgiving to God, what widow and what orphan, what father and what mother of the dear ones who fought, bled and died to redeem these did not feel their hearts thrill at the grandeur of the work of which they had been partakers. Again, when the devouring flame swept over the ill-fated city of Chicago, seeming to drag only destruction in its train, it caused a breeze of adversity to spring up, which extended over land and sea, swept the strings of the *Æolian* harp of Humanity and called forth strains of sympathy from the whole world, from the templed hills of Asia to the gold-lined peaks of California.

These facts are the expression of the world's highest civilization as it exists in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-two; the measure of the influence which the idea of man's unity is exerting upon society to-day. Granting that all these changes have been produced by circumstances and positive institutions, yet we affirm with Castellar, "The history of facts is but the echo of the history of ideas." It is with ideas that modern historians have to deal; facts and institutions are only illustrations of their changes and progress. Standing face to face with history, under the full blaze of its revelations, deceived neither by slight discrepancies in regard to facts nor by partisan explanation of events, but seeking beneath social phenomena and positive institutions the principles that have created or modified them, we see that this truth has been the ruling power, the governing principle, the controlling idea in the progress of the last eighteen centuries. Nations, dynasties, creeds and institutions have all been parts of the vast mechanism moved by it, each performing its allotted end, and then giving place to

more perfected arrangements as man's interpretation and application of this truth became more comprehensive.

Art and enterprise have year by year drawn closer the bands of humanity. The white-winged messengers of commerce are also messengers of peace. War, once the rule, is now become the exception. Intercourse is the Hercules of modern progress that threatens death to this Hydra-headed monster. Under its influence, man is becoming cosmopolitan. The people of England and the United States clothe the half-civilized nations of the East, while they in return regale the former with tea, coffee and spices. The gates of China and Japan, once the strongholds of non-intercourse, have been thrown open. Humanity appears as one vast organism, the skeleton of which is man's physical and spiritual unity. Railroads and steamboats form its muscles and tendons; the press its brain; the telegraph its nerve fibre, conveying the impression of each member to every part and flashing through the whole structure every impulse sent from the brain; while commerce, supplying its arteries and veins through which the vitalizing fluid circulates, strengthens and develops the entire organism. Confer pleasure or pain upon a part, and you affect the whole. The influence of man upon his fellows is like a stone thrown into the water; the greater the influence the larger the waves and the farther their circling ripples extend.

In the light of these facts, what then is your duty as men? If this is the civilization upon which you are to enter, what are its requirements? Are they not plain? Do they not call upon each one of you to adopt this principle of man's unity, and embody it in your words and deeds? To go forth regarding men as brothers, and not as selfish brutes in a state of restraint? But, even granting that you accept the principle, your influence upon society will be determined by your acts, and your acts will be determined by your character. Your influence therefore will be good or bad, as your character is good or bad, and will depress or elevate society accordingly; for just as surely as the whole earth moves in accordance

with the law of action and re-action when a person springs from its surface, just so surely is the whole race affected by the life of each individual. For mankind is but the aggregate of individuals, and the condition of the parts must ever determine the condition of the whole.

If then character be so essential to your influence upon society, its formation merits your most careful attention. Character is the state of the soul itself, determined by habits formed under the combined operation of the soul's nature and external circumstances. The history of civilization is the history of great characters. They have raised humanity to higher and higher planes of right; have been the leaven that has leavened the mass. Their minds have made all things converge to a central idea; this idea has become a mighty conviction, and the lever of Archimedes with which they moved the world. Mahomet, with his lever of one God and Mahomet is his prophet, raised the fallen East from the darkest and grossest idolatry to a pure and spiritual worship. Luther, with his lever of individual conscience, shook the foundations of enslaving Papacy, though strengthened by the superstition of a thousand years; Napoleon, with his democratic idea of intellectual sovereignty, pushed out of place the corner stone of the divine right of kings, and furnished the germ of the grand reforms that are convulsing Europe to-day. But every man has the same opportunity to influence those about him that they had. He may not exert an influence as powerful as theirs, but yet the difference is only in degree and not in kind.

We have dwelt upon this condition of character, because it is the power, and the only power, by which you can give expression to the principle of human brotherhood, and by which alone you can hope to aid in elevating and purifying society. And it seems to us, that every one of you should possess some, if not all the elements of true character; and for this reason, because you have passed four years together here within the walls of "Old Brown." You have constituted a little world in yourselves, have met together, struggled to-

gether, opposed mind to mind, and have been made brighter and smoother by this contact with each other, just as the diamond is smoothed and polished by touch of the diamond dust.

Yet we would speak especially of three influences exerted upon you, which have forcibly tended to fit you for this society in which you are to take an active part.

In the first place, we would notice the example set before you by the President and Professors of this institution, whose words and acts have most fully exemplified the principle we are now considering. They have always stretched out a helping hand to those in distress, extended their sympathy to those in sorrow, and manifested a deep interest in the welfare of every student under their charge. To you, their example will ever be an incentive towards that charity which extends to all mankind.

The second influence is that of your studies, particularly those of the present year. In history you have traced the progress of the human race, both in the development of principles and institutions, and your minds have broadened and deepened under its developing power. Beneath the magic veil which Goethe has lifted, you have discerned the struggle in man's soul between good and evil, and have had your hearts stirred and your good resolutions strengthened by its results. But especially would we note the efforts and influence of that one who has lately gone from among you, who revealed to you in all their grandeur and fullness the truth of Christianity and principles of morality; who unlocked and exposed to your gaze all the precious caskets of his knowledge, and impressed upon your soul the duties which belong to you as men.

But the third and by no means least influence to which we would call your attention is the spirit of class unity which has characterized you as a body during your entire course. It has bound you together; it has created a feeling for the honor of the entire class, manifested in different ways and under different circumstances; it has made you one of the

most distinguished classes, and the page which records your history one of the most glowing and promising in the annals of Brown University. Your motto, *Πρῶτ' ἀνδρία, εἰ τα μύθη-σας*, has been nobly upheld, and the Class of '72 will ever be known as a class of men.

These are the three influences—example, studies and class unity—under which you have been developing, and which we trust will govern your life-course more powerfully than any Triumvirate ever swayed the destinies of haughty Rome.

And now, in closing, we could wish that we had the power to impress upon your minds, and stamp upon your hearts in never fading characters, the great importance of making this principle of the Unity of Humanity, the polar star of your actions, that we could induce you to exert the character you have formed here in extending this great truth throughout society. To you, as to every man since the days of Cain, comes the Divine voice, "Where is thy brother?" Will you with Cain affirm that you are not your brother's keeper? 'Tis false! You are your brother's keeper. You are dependent upon him for everything which you possess but honor, be it food and raiment, or security of life and property. God and Humanity both hold you to your obligations, and he is unmanly and cowardly who seeks to evade them.

Let each one of you, then, extend the spirit of unity you have shown in the class, to all mankind; exercise the principles taught you here, in behalf of this great truth; shatter distrust and substitute faith; depress selfishness and exalt sacrifice; overthrow oppression and establish equality; treat all men as brothers and not as enemies; "from the Unity of Humanity learn the unity of Right;" and then when you shall leave this world for one of endless development, feeling that the whole body of Humanity is rising under the ennobling influence of the great principle which you have advocated by word and deed, let the world write upon the monument which it shall rear for you in its memory its noblest epitaph, He was a man.

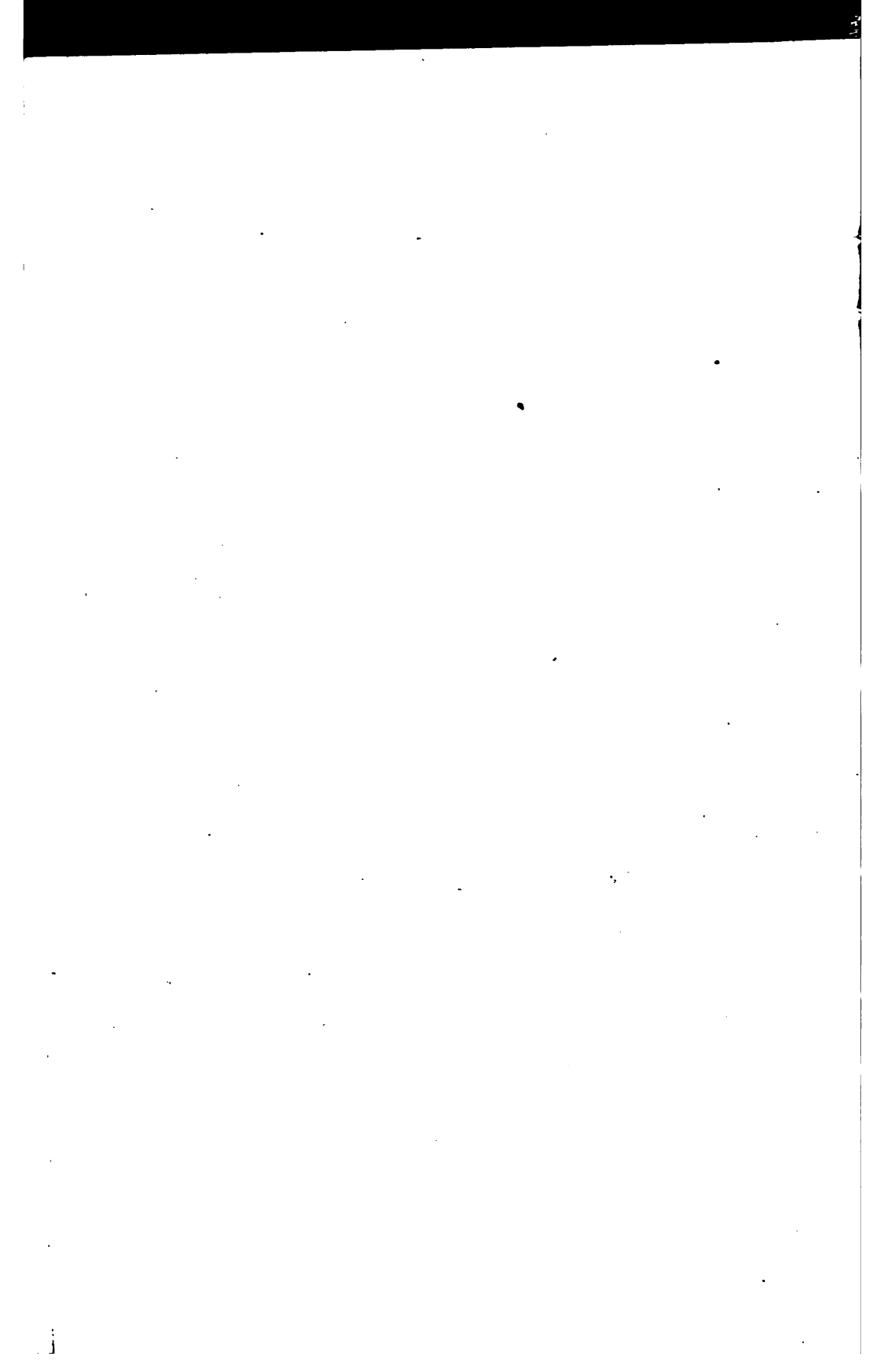
1647-1648

THE GOLD OF LIFE.

A Poem:

BY BENJAMIN A. GREENE,

OF WESTERLY, R. I.



The Gold of Life.



FAIR to the west beyond the place
Where evening suns sink from our view,
There is a land whose streamlets trace
With golden sands their journey through.

These streams of gold, as soon as known,
Became adventure's loved resort,
Where men by labor sought to own
What nature seemed to count as naught.

Oft might be seen along these streams
Men reckoning o'er the treasure found :
Some realized their golden dreams,
Some that they only worked the ground.

We here to-day our treasure count
Beside the golden stream of Brown ;
Some burdened not with their amount,
Some candidates for fair renown.

Brown now, as during many years,
Deposits still its precious lore :
Who labors here need have no fears
Of sifting sand and nothing more ;

For to this stream on either side
Flow streamlets from exhaustless mines,
So heavy freighted is their tide
All cannot pass beyond our lines.

Down from the lofty mountain peaks,
 All hoary with the mists of years,
 Come's History's stream that fearless speaks
 In placid calm of former tears.

With hill-side rythm and sunlit spray
 Past life's portrayed in outline true,
 Clear as the picture, poets say,
 An angel held to Adam's view.

Yet History only lays not claim
 To all of what the stream can do,
 Protection's only another name
 For public sin of th' deepest hue.

Philosophy, in channels deep,
 Rolls on with boundless wealth of tide,
 It's waters more of treasure keep
 Than possibly the sands can hide.

Primeval lakes of chaos too
 Give rise to streams that grandly flow
 And leave their treasure, old and new,
 On either bank above, below.

This stream, majestic in its course,
 Of ages speaks through which it passed,
 Of God's design, creative force,
 Progressive order to the last.

Broad, ample streams from storied Rome
 Contribute their perennial flow,
 Streams gliding by the classic home
 Of Horace and of Cicero.

Herodotus, Thucidydes
 Lived near a stream of days gone by;
 But nearer still Demosthenes,
 At least as he says "moi dokei."

The stream in which old Chaucer threw
 The first, best tale in Saxon wrote,

Which ran by Spencer, Shakespeare too,
In which Swift's Tub was set afloat.

From every scientific field
Some river, with full knowledge fraught,
Comes laden with a wealthy yield,
A wealth of knowledge and of thought.

We learn of forces cast in space,
Of stars with little parallax,
That apes did not begin our race
That H₂O does not mean wax.

That motion is converted heat,
Excepting gravitation's pull,
That Straton proves a Roman street,
First quarter section holds the Bull.

Pons Assinorum joins two banks,
Washed by straight lines and various curves,
While x and y are playing pranks
To test the strength of new strung nerves.

Yes, here to day our store we count
Beside the golden stream of Brown,
Here where our memories' recount
Full twenty smiles to every frown.

O stream of Brown, beloved stream,
Roll on, with all thy grandeur roll,
Fulfil to us our golden dream,
The expectation of the soul.

Forever may thy rolling tide
With unexhausted vigor flow,
And richer freightage on thee ride
Than argosies from Mexico.

We've often trod thy gem-decked shore
With halting feet and down turned eye,
Such treasure spread thy pavement o'er
We thought thy source within the door

That guards the treasure-house on high :
 But we will tread thy sands no more,
 Exchange then now a last good bye.

Thus, while I wandered all alone,
 Along the shore beneath the blue,
 These words I spoke in full, round tone,
 Supposing solitude was true,
 That only echo would renew
 The sound of speech where there was none
 But self. Yet what is this I view?

Out from the depths there quickly came,
 As Thetis to Achilles cry,
 The figure of a stately dame
 Who seemed with Venus' charms to vie.

Calm as the stream from which she rose,
 She stood upon the rippled sand
 And to my eyes she did disclose
 A parchment scroll within her hand.

"This study well and you will find,
 As days and weeks pass quickly by,
 Those golden treasures of this mind
 That promise richer stores on high."

So to the stream from which she came
 With queenly grace she now withdrew,
 And in farewell spoke not my name
 But called me one of '72.

Rolled in the parchment were four years,
 Four years with rich experience fraught,
 Experience which to me appears
 The choicest lessons life hath taught.

Well springs of Life whose waters flow
 With crystal clearness from below
 Where fountains never die,

Have glanced and sparkled by the way
 Have quenched the thirst at noon of day
 Have sent their spray on high :
 On high have reared the promise bow
 Through which Hope kindly seems to say
 Behold your future sky.

While standing by this stream we can but think
 Of that true gold of life for which in man
 There is an ever quenchless thirst, and, twin
 In thought with this the currency of life.
 Gold profits not except in use, and gold
 In use, stamped in a nation's mint, supplies
 The means by which exchange may send afar
 The ripened fruits of honest toil and care.
 As he who finds himself possessed of wealth
 A father's toil and economic skill
 Have well secured must use the wealth if he
 Would reap expectant joy, and use it well .
 If he would have a golden field in which
 To thrust his sickle when old age comes on.
 So we should use our lives. What we receive
 As our inheritance at Nature's hands
 We should regard as capital of life
 To be increased as many fold as life's
 Great mart allows the possibility,
 Our active eyes would pierce the bottom of
 Earth's stagnant pools and though the aperture
 Drawn off the sluggishness of nature. While
 The deep o'er hanging concave which by day
 Becomes the battle field of clouds and sun,
 By night heaven's panoramic scene to lure
 Earth's people out of low and earthy thoughts,
 Within the realm of pure soul vision views,
 Delights our eyes with ceaseless change, and tells
 Us by its day and night of work and rest,
 The one great fact in God's great universe :
 Life lives by action and development.
 Is change pervaded by a living soul
 That seeks embodiment in perfect form.
 God meant our life should be development,

So to our reason speaks analogy.
 So does he speak by instinct in our hearts
 And tells us in his Word to bury not
 Our talent though a napkin keep it clean.

Life's currency is that part of man's self
 Which he communicates ; that which
 Becomes a standard of his character
 By which we measure what his soul is worth,
 As farms are valued by their price in coin.
 A noble deed bespeaks a noble soul,
 A loving word, whose rhythmic accents leap
 From loving lips in nature's own sweet way,
 Confirmed by kindly sympathy of eyes
 Tells of a heart whose throbs are footfalls of
 A love that seeks the freedom of the world
 Without where it may, blessing others, live.
 Not only as a standard do we use
 This vital currency. It is our power
 Of purchasing still greater wealth of life.
 Our acts, our words, our looks, yes, every stir
 Of soul, from that which wakes the feeblest thrills,
 Around the centre of the world within
 To that which throws the world's humanity
 Into tumultuous frenzy or estatic joy,
 Reveals the value of the life we have,
 And to it adds a new development.

As with the Fountain Head of life above
 So to with us there is a trinity,
 A life within, without, and one beyond.
 There is no soul but has this triune life
 Within his grasp or possible embrace :
 And each has capital. It may be small
 But still 't is real ; for nature's every lease
 Of life is grant of capital. At first
 She kindly adds her fostering care that she
 May supplement our weakness in the new
 Inheritance. Then strength of infancy
 Gives way to strength of youth, whose nascent powers
 Just conscious of life's possibilities,

Leap now with passions all alert into
 The thick of contact with the outer world.
 Then comes maturity with reason strong,
 And sight of soul that spans the way between
 The near and far, the here and the beyond.
 Life now in all its breadth of view reveals
 What may be done, what must be done, or it
 Were better far life's dawn had never bloomed
 From twilight flush, to common open day :
 From twilight flush, which with its mystic hand
 Robes all in fancy's garb, to full blown day
 That feels the scorch of noon, then droops in death
 Robed in the sable folds of starless night.
 A soul in being with full power to do
 Now feels a life within that yearns for life
 Eternal, deeper, higher, better life,
 With a longing that uplifts itself so far
 As at its highest reach to catch a voice
 In echo of Divinity which thrills
 With its creative touch the listening soul
 That hears these words : "'Till I come, occupy."
 As voice divine ne'er speaks without it wakes
 The speech of voiced humanity, so now
 Responsive souls tell their experience,
 Give and receive ; this when our life's possessed
 Becomes to us the law of living growth,
 If 'tis but give consent we must do this
 In order that we may receive continued life,
 And that too, if to live is only to
 Exist : but if it be to really live
 To hold on to our kinship to the skies
 Then we must give that of our life, which in
 The parting costs us sweat and sometimes tears,
 Dull pain of bone and aching throb of brain,
 Heart pangs and voiceless anguish of the soul.
 You cannot leap from a lower sphere up to
 The one above, though Vulcan's fate has proved
 That you can fall as far : but you must grow
 Just as plants grow. Give your consent to have
 The soil rest on you, for in solitude
 Alone cut off from sunlight and the stars

Can germs successful work in linking strong
 The life above with the source of life below.
 The roots must give out rootlets all around,
 Must be content to hold their tiny hands
 Wherever nature fills them best with food,
 And when the tender shoot lifts up his head
 Above the soil, it lifts a prayer up to
 The clouds to keep it fresh with showers, out to
 The air to let the breezes play with it
 And so gain strength from exercise, up to
 The sun to keep away the cold, and with
 Its beams of light to make each opening bud
 A lodge of beauty and a pledge of fruit.
 Thus hear we from the skies and echoed from
 The lips of true born souls, embodied too
 In nature's queenliest form, th' injunction : *GIVE.*

We have our capital. From nature we
 Received her grant, from home we have received
 A generous share. And now the golden mine
 Of Brown has blessed us with a wealthy yield,
 "Till I come, occupy." Be that the thought
 With which we enter now the mart of life.
 There is no royal way. In this way none
 Are kings, for rich and poor of earth stand on
 This common plain ; "Till I come, occupy."
 The life without will yield its boundless stores
 If we but give what it demands. It calls
 For currency, fresh from our mint of life,
 Give as the merchant gives, who parts with gold
 For what in shrewd exchange will round his pile
 And heap it up still more till he can laugh
 At its rotundity ; an honest laugh,
 Not one that's choked by a miser's grip into
 A ghastly grin, a cheerful laugh that seeks
 An echo from some needy grateful heart,
 As well as from his busy house of trade,
 Where hum of work bespeaks still further gain,
 Coin then your life in look, in word and act,
 And make all nature and humanity
 Work briskly in your daily round of toil.

All nature teems with double life, and from
The eyes, through which external form is seen,
Must issue double sight if th' inner life
Would take possession as it has the right.
A soul-dead man a large estate may own,
The town clerk's books attest his ownership,
May sow and reap his grain, may plant and cut
His corn, may rear and milk his kine. He owns
The farm, and yet his first great thought is gold.
Is there no higher ownership than this?
To own that we may feed the flesh, exist?
He who coins life in admiration's look
May purchase title deeds with nature's seal,
Secure an ownership which brings the soul
Large revenues. God meant we should hand checks
Across the counter of the west when he
Unbars The Sunset Bank of heaven, and when
God paints autumnal leaves he shows design
As well as in autumnal fruits. He gives
Us to possess all nature's beauteous charms
And her sublimities that we may make
Our lives sublime and beautiful.
Saint Paul once wrote: "I seek not yours but you,"
Thus showing we may own man's soul as well
As woman's heart. O! wealth of love by some
Possessed, whose coining into word and act
Has such resistless power of purchasing
The wealthy yield of earth's most heavenly souls.
But we must not in this high love forget
There's wealth in all our great humanity,
There is no soul so base but has some good,
No soul so lost but may perchance be found,
No soul so small but may enlarge our own:
See then a soul in every human form
And buy it with your love. Such ownership
In man will make us more like Paul whose love
Was equalled only by his thought. Love's first,
For what we love the most we know the best,
Then love and thought, As ev'ry act of love
Develops love, so thought develops thought,
And we buy other's thought as other's love.

Your money may buy books, but that buys not
 The thought they hold. A row of books from youth
 To hoary age may hedge man in from paths
 By fools consummate trod, and that is all
 Unless he owns them by his having thought.
 Thought glowing with originality
 Of self's intensest life will buy the food
 On which a genius feeds till he becomes
 A mighty king within the realm of thought.

Man's being is his highest aim, but there
 Are times when man should grandly lose himself
 In action's heat to get the more of being,
 As merchants lose in thought what they are worth
 In thinking what they are to gain. We read
 A shepherd left his ninety-nine and for
 The moment thought of only one stray lamb.
 Where duty calls, your presence quickly give,
 E'en if with Cocles 'gainst invading arms,
 For though the crash of bridge, which saves your own
 Seem your death knell, yet bridges oft cross streams
 Whose waters while no friend to iron mail
 Will shield a hero from a maddened foe,
 And bear him safe to land. Then may he drink
 The wine of life from dewy cups of gold
 While round him love and gratitude delight
 His ears with songs of their deliverance.

Who counterfeits the nation's currency
 You spurn. Use the pure coin of life e'en though
 Sometimes you keep not up with fleet desire,
 Wield not Mohammed's sword and by a force
 Outraging law seek to wrest life from life;
 But lift the rod by Moses held and gain
 By wooing low life's true development,
 For not Goliath's strength with sword in hand
 Though clad in armor never yet so sure
 Will save the head if death be in the heart,
 'Tis better far to pick small pebbles from
 The brook and toss them from a shepherd's sling,
 If God who smoothed the pebbles nerve the arm.

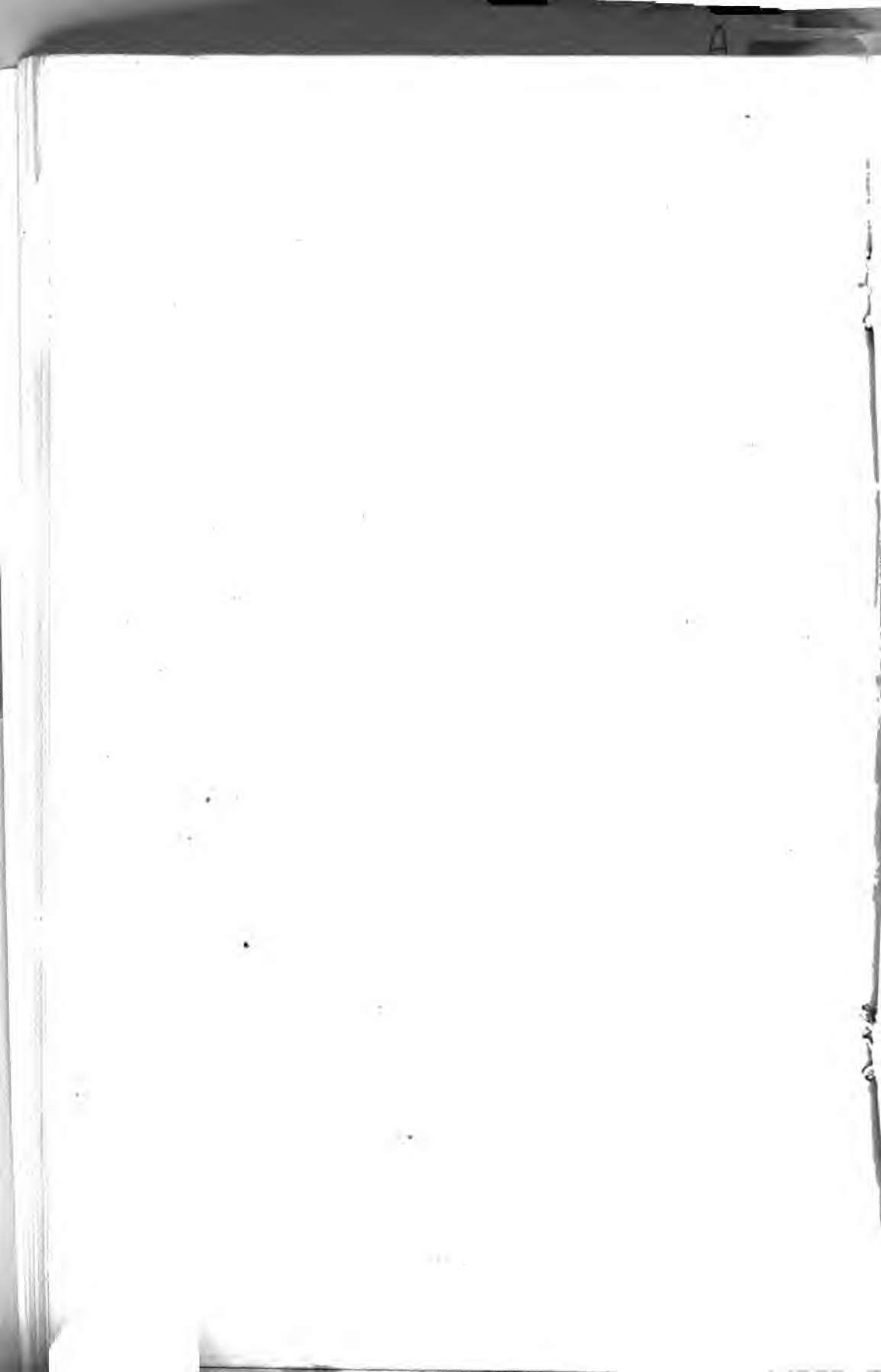
He who thus views the world without, who buys,
 From God as well as man and pays in coin
 Of love and thought, will grow as rich as life's
 Great mart allows the possibility.
 The inlets to the world within will be
 As numerous as prospective joys that take
 Their flight on the wings of a wedding chime.
 But to secure our entrance to the world
 Beyond, Christ coined his life in sacrifice :
 And keepers of the pearly gates will not
 Accept the choicest gold of our life's mint.

Classmates, though these simple numbers
 Seem as empty as a dream :
 Though the lessons they would teach you
 Fail to stem oblivion's stream ;
 Though you soon forget that all things—
 Nature, individual, thought—
 Which are sold at Life's emporium,
 By the Gold of Life are bought :

Even though you fail to value
 Lessons taught of greater worth,
 That the place where duty calls you
 Is the best of all on earth,
 That you must have back of doing
 A real being, real as gold,
 That no more in life than business
 Men will counterfeits uphold.

This last thought may we remember,
 Joining in life's varied trade,
 Whatsoever here is earth—stamped
 Of all nature and all grade,
 Must, before it can be legal
 In that land beyond the sea
 Be remelted and reminted
 In the Mint of Cavalry.





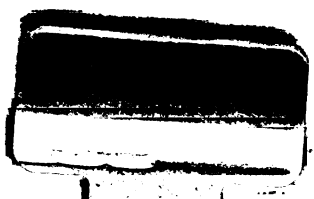
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